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HUGH CLIFFORD:

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OR

PROSPECTIVE MISSIONS

Vol. 8th

ON THE

NORTH-WEST COAST,

AND AT THE

WASHINGTON ISLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*Conversations on the Sandwich Islands Mission, Claims of the
Africans, &c. &c.*

10
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."



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PROSPECTIVE MISSIONS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

“ Sing to the Lord with joyful voice ;
Let every land his name adore ;
The Northern coasts shall send the noise
Across the ocean, to the shore.”

THOSE children who have read the ‘ Conversations on the Sandwich Islands Mission,’ will be pleased to hear more about Mrs. Barton and her agreeable family.

During the life time of Dr. Barton, much of the care of the family and government of the children devolved upon Mrs. Barton, for the professional calls of her husband left him but little time to bestow upon their instruction. He was a man of deep and consistent piety, and encouraged his excellent wife to persevere in training up their children to habits of self-denying benevolence, industry, and strict subordination.

After the removal of this truly good man, and wise parent, Mrs. Barton felt increasing anxiety for the future welfare of her rising family, and wishing to follow out the plan which her husband had laid for her, she made a point of keeping all her children constantly occupied in useful employment, study, or healthful play. Her conversations on subjects connected with the American Mission to the Sandwich islands, had given them an eager desire for missionary accounts, and Jane and Robert often reminded her of her promise to tell them about Mr. Green's exploring tour to the North West coast. Anxious to make them better acquainted with geography, as well as to keep up an interest in missionary movements, she commenced the performance of her promise as follows:

Mr. Green, you will undoubtedly remember, was one of those missionaries who sailed for the Sandwich islands, from Boston, Dec. 3, 1827, with instructions to improve the earliest opportunity of making a voyage to the North West coast, to ascertain the moral condition of the Indians, and to select a suitable place for a missionary establishment, in case the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Missions thought it expedient to fit out one.

After remaining some time at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, Mr. Green took passage with captain Taylor, in the barque Volunteer, on the thirteenth of February, 1829. At the end of twenty-five days, the snow-clad hills of the western coast of North America, were distinctly seen. The tenth of March, the ship cast anchor in Norfolk sound, and Mr. Green commenced his inquiries with the most anxious desire that through his instrumentality the poor Indians might be induced to seek and find the living and true God.

Captain Taylor was engaged in trade, and in the pursuit of his object he coasted down south from Norfolk sound, about four degrees. The ship touched at all the ports in this range, and usually stopped two or three days at each, which afforded Mr. Green a fine opportunity to learn the state and condition of the various tribes of Indians inhabiting that district.

Helen Barton. Four degrees, that would make two hundred and forty miles extent of country. How many tribes of Indians did Mr. Green find in that distance?

Mrs. Barton. Ten, which he classed into three divisions; each division speaking a distinct language.

Jane Barton. What are the names of the three classes?

Mrs. B. The *Sit-ka*, *Nass*, and *Skid-e-gass*; the last live on Queen Charlotte's island, which you will find on the map of North America, a little north of Queen Charlotte's sound. That island is the most mild, pleasant, and fruitful part of the coast that Mr. Green visited. The north west coast of America is a dreary part of the world; much of it is rocky and barren.

Ann Barton. And extremely cold, mother, is it not?

Mrs. B. No, it is not; though it is very chilly, occasioned by the dampness of the atmosphere. There is much rain and hail, but the snow seldom falls deep. Doubtless you wish me to describe the places visited by Mr. Green.

"We do, mother, we do."

Mrs. B. One of the most important is New Archangel. Here the Russians have a settlement, defended from the Indians by a fort. The buildings are poor, being mostly constructed of logs, plastered and painted; even the house of the Russian governor is built in this manner.

Jane. Are there no Indians at Archangel, mother?

Mrs. B. Yes; the Sit-ka tribe has built a village under the guns of the fort, so that the Russians can easily defend themselves from their encroachments, and at the same time protect the poor Indians from their neighboring foes, for most of the tribes are often engaged against each other in fierce and bloody wars.

Robert. What could induce the Russians to settle in such a gloomy place, among a savage people?

Mrs. B. I know of but two objects capable of alluring men to leave a civilized country, and take up their abode in such a desolate and obscure corner of the earth. One is the acquisition of wealth, and the other a benevolent desire to offer the means of salvation to those who are perishing in their sins. These Russian settlers are mostly engaged in the fur trade, and when the animals that furnish the skins are all destroyed, or driven away, they will probably remove; and unless Christian missionaries go, there will be no foreigners among the Indians.

Robert. The missionaries have already carried the Bible almost over the whole world, mother, hav'nt they?

Mrs. B. No, my son; though it is more than eighteen hundred years since the blessed

Saviour said to his disciples, "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" yet the pure light of his gospel shines only upon a small portion of the globe. Not one of those ten tribes of Indians, visited by Mr. Green, have any saving knowledge of Christ, unless through the instrumentality of his instructions.

Robert. The pure gospel shines upon the Sandwich islands, and the Society islands, (looking earnestly on his map,) and does it not shine on all the islands in the Pacific ocean?

Mrs. B. No; that ocean is all over sprinkled with islands, whose inhabitants are involved in the grossest ignorance, superstitions, and vices.

Jane. Do tell us about them.

Mrs. B. I am now engaged in telling you about the North West coast; but when cousin Hugh Clifford comes to spend vacation, I presume he will tell you all you wish to know.

Lucy. I feel quite interested about the Indians, and hope you will not be interrupted again, mother; have you learned how many there were within the districts Mr. Green examined?

Mrs. B. Some of the traders have esti-

mated them at about fifteen thousand ; most of them reside on the coast ; very little is known of those living in the interior, for whenever they approach the coast, they are attacked and driven back again. It is thought by many, that the number of Indians is decreasing every year.

Lucy. From what cause ?

Mrs. B. By war, intemperance, and profligacy. Several years ago the small pox carried off great numbers.

Helen. Are they like those Penobscot and Narragansett Indians that I have seen, mother ?

Mrs. B. In some particulars they are like those and other tribes in the United States ; especially in their long black hair, and high cheek bones ; but their complexion is lighter. They are extravagantly fond of ornaments in their ears and noses, and all who can procure beads, wear a profusion of them around their necks and ancles. In addition to all these, the females wear another ornament of extraordinary size, in the under lip, which they call a *steetgar*. It is an oval piece of wood, hollow on both sides, with a groove around the edge to receive the divided lip. This wooden ornament is at first small, but as the orifice enlarges, the size is increased, till at last one is

worn that will measure *three inches* in length, and one and three quarters in breadth. It gives them a hideous appearance to strangers, but adds vastly to their beauty in the eye of a native.

“How is it possible such a great hole can be made in the under lip?” said Robert, pulling out his own lip.

Mrs. B. They begin by thrusting through it a large wire with a head on it, to keep it from dropping out ; and by degrees it enlarges till it is capable of receiving the great wooden lip I have described. They are so extravagantly fond of paint, that if they cannot obtain European, they will mix *soot with earth*, and daub themselves with it from head to foot. What would you do if one of them were to approach you with a wooden lip, their hair dripping with fish oil, and covered with paint?

Jane. I think we should be very nimble-footed.

Mrs. B. I do not think you would wish to go home with them, for their houses have neither doors, windows, or chimneys, and are as filthy as their owners.

Lucy. How do the men and women employ themselves?

Mrs. B. The men build the houses, hunt, and fish ; and the women manufacture a very

coarse kind of cloth, smoke and dry the provisions for winter, and both sexes make very curious baskets, pipes, spoons, dishes, &c. They are not as lazy as most savages, and wives are better treated there, than in almost any other heathen place I ever heard of. It is not uncommon for them to be consulted about trade, and other subjects.

Lucy. Do they not take advantage of it?

Mrs. B. Perhaps they do, sometimes. Mr. Green says, when the husband is intoxicated, the wife, if sober, subjects him to her authority, and in case of resistance, beats him most unmercifully; but he did not tell me which wife took upon herself such airs.

Lucy. I presume it was the head wife, for I have noticed that where polygamy is practised, the head wife was called *the wife*, though there were a dozen others.

Helen. How many do the Indians allow.

Mrs. B. As many as they choose to maintain; a She-bash—a chief, has ten, but two or three is more common.

The men are notorious gamblers; instead of cards, they use painted sticks; they often become so infatuated as to stake their whole property.

‘What is it to be infatuated, Lucy?’ whis-

pered Robert ; she replied, ‘ To lose the understanding, and become foolish.’

Lucy. It is not very uncommon for gamblers among ourselves, to seem bereft of their reason, for they not only hazard their property, but sooner or later lose their reputation, and ruin their families.

Mrs. B. It is too true. The poor Indians feel the loss of their property very keenly, for in their view nothing is so disgraceful as poverty.

I suppose we should smile contemptuously, at the inventory of one of their wealthiest men, said Lucy.

What constitutes their wealth? asked Helen.

Skins, blankets, slaves and furniture, comprise nearly the whole of it, said Mrs. B. However, a man’s influence is exactly proportioned to his riches.

Robert. How do they obtain slaves?

Mrs. B. Some are purchased of the southern tribes, and others are kidnapped. Strangers are led to think these unfortunate beings fare as well as their owners ; but they are compelled to wear out their days in the lowest drudgery, and at the death of their master, if he is a chief, they are exposed to

be offered in sacrifices, as one or more of these poor creatures is killed to accompany their master beyond the grave. And they stand no better chance if their master erects a new house, and lives to remove into it; custom, or rather superstition, requiring the master to sacrifice or emancipate a slave at the feast that is held on the occasion. At the close of these entertainments, the guests dance and revel in a way peculiar to the heathen.

Lucy. How do children fare?

Mrs. B. Some of them are murdered by their mothers as soon as they see the light, but those who are permitted to live, are fondled and humored more than among civilized people.

Ann. Do they have any regular government?

Mrs. B. No; power gives right, and he that can gather round him a clan of warriors, fears no man, and submits to none.

Lucy. I think you said they had no ideas of true religion, mother.

Mrs. B. No, not the faintest idea of it; when asked who made the sea, land, trees, &c., they answered, "We do not know." Some of the most knowing ones pretend that the world was created by a bird of the *crow* kind, which is much revered.

They believe in the existence of an evil being, who is extremely malignant, causing all afflictions of mind, body, or estate ; and they call him *Nim-kel-sus*. Nothing can be more absurd than their notions of a future state, believing that those who die of sickness go into the country, while those who are drowned still exist in the sea ; and whoever dies in battle is exalted to the house of the sun, and their bodies are honored by burning, instead of being buried.

Robert. Ma', do they worship idols ?

Mrs. B. I do not know whether they pay them divine honors, but they have a wooden image, carved in the form of a wolf's head, in which they place great confidence in times of danger. One of them was carried to captain Taylor, and pawned for rum !

Lucy. It would seem that *rum* was dearer to him than his god.

Helen. Judging by the conduct of drunkards in this land of light, I should think they were of the same opinion ; but, Ma', we ought not to interrupt you.

Mrs. B. Every tribe has a set of men called *Shargars*, which, properly speaking, are the Indian priesthood. These men are supposed to have power to inflict, and to avert all kinds of diseases ; they are exceedingly

cunning, and may be known from other men, by their manner of twisting up the hair. In performing some of their ceremonies they eat brimstone, and drink sea-water. When they take a fancy to some valuable article, they tell the owner of it that some distressing calamity is approaching, which they will turn back upon condition of receiving the thing coveted. In this way, they obtain many things, besides all they receive for singing over the sick, and at the birth of children, and for crying at funerals. Some of these wretches have been known to bite out and eat the flesh from the arms of the living, and what seems to me far more horrid, they will eat the flesh of the dead. And so debauched and superstitious are the poor, deluded Indians, that they are afraid to complain of such treatment. When asked why they suffered the *shargars* to bite and devour them, they answered, "Hush ; not good to speak thus."

Lucy. Are they not the most odious and degraded of the human family ?

Mrs. B. I can hardly conceive of a more disgusting race. I will close my account of them, this afternoon, in Mr. Green's own words. "Gratitude is a flame which no power can kindle in their icy bosoms. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, to do them a kindness

is to increase their insolence, so that the man who *to-day* should heap on them the richest benefits, they would stab to the heart *to-morrow*, should he refuse to accede to their most unreasonable demands."

Why did Mr. Green make a voyage to the North West coast? How many tribes did he visit? What are the names of the three divisions into which he classed them? How many miles on the coast did he explore? How many inhabitants? How are they employed? Describe the persons, dress, and employments of the natives. Who are the Shargars? What do you remember of their superstitions?

CHAPTER II.

Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie;
What scenes of wo and crime abound.

‘I have been looking in my geography to find out more about the North West coast,’ said little Robert, as he drew his chair to the table, where his mother and sisters were sitting at work. ‘And what have you learned?’ said his sister Lucy.

Robert. That the country back of the seashore is wild and uncultivated; the land broken, and covered with hemlock and spruce—rising from the water into ragged mountains, covered with snow the year round. There is plenty of fish and wild fowl, but good vegetables are scarce. The people are very bad.

Mrs. B. They are indeed, my son, so bad, that murder is almost daily committed, wherever a considerable number are settled together. The most trifling provocation arouses their wicked passions, and they never cease seeking their foe till they have shed his

blood. Theft is universally practised ; and so entirely destitute of truth are they, that you cannot place the least dependence upon any of their statements.

Helen. What good then have the traders done there ?

Mrs. B. I do not know of a single benefit any foreigner has ever conferred upon them, but the vices which they have introduced, have been of the most destructive kind, and if not counteracted, will be their everlasting ruin.

Ann. What are the particular evils you allude to, mother ?

Mrs. B. Intemperance, profligacy and disease.

Helen. Why did not the Russians instruct them in religion ?

Mrs. B. They profess the faith of the Greek Church, which much resembles that of the Church of Rome ; and that religion is not very apt to purify the morals, or enlighten the minds of its disciples. The Russians have a church at New Archangel. Its external appearance is very ordinary, but within, it is highly embellished with numerous saints. Six large bells are hung, which call very loudly for the attendance of worshippers, but with very little success, for the congregations consist of only about fifty men and women, and a few boys

who chant. The wax candles burning in different parts of the house, amid the pictures and flowers, give it rather an attractive appearance.

The Russian governor, whose name is Chesticoff, received Mr. Green with great hospitality and kindness, and gave him an opportunity to lay his object before seventy or eighty principal persons of the Sitka tribe of Indians, who listened to his account with some attention, and a very few of them expressed a decided wish to have a missionary establishment commenced; but it was very evident, they attached to a mission only ideas of temporal advantage. The governor furnished him with a Russian and Indian interpreter, whenever he found it convenient to visit the Indian villages.

Mr. Green formed an acquaintance with a young man from one of the Fox islands, who had lived with the Russians many years, in the capacity of interpreter to the Fur Company. From him, many interesting particulars of the tribes farther north were gathered, and being very intelligent, and communicative, Mr. Green's stock of information was considerably increased.

Jane. Where are the Fox islands?

Lucy. You will find them on the map of

the world, a little south of Kamschatka. I suppose there must be a wide and dark field for Christian cultivation in all the surrounding countries.

Mrs. B. Yes ; it needs almost every kind of cultivation, for the inhabitants are extremely ignorant and superstitious. I wish you to read “ *Captain Parry’s Voyages*,” and then you will know a great deal about the inhabitants of those northern regions ; and when studying geography, you ought to ascertain the moral and religious state of the countries ; the advantages for intellectual culture, and state of society, as well as the boundaries, population, &c.

Helen. Are all the people on that coast savage and ignorant ?

Mrs. B. All the natives that Mr. Green visited were so ; and with a very few exceptions, they did not manifest the least desire to be enlightened. He noticed two chiefs of the *Tum Garse* tribe, who said they wished for instruction, but in general, all the tribes are sunk down into the very depths of degradation and crime.

Lucy. Do you suppose they are destitute of intellectual capacities to rise to a state of civilization and refinement ?

Mrs. B. No, indeed ; a gentleman who had long been acquainted with the *Nass* tribe,

said, "they seem to combine the *man-brute*, with the *man-devil*," being as much distinguished for their strength of intellect, as for their filth and debasement. While captain Taylor lay in their harbor, he found it almost impossible to keep them off his ship, even after he had put up the boarding nets, and set a watch from one end of the deck to the other.

Robert. What are *boarding-nets*, mother?

Mrs. B. A frame work, made of the strongest cord-netting, placed round a ship's deck, to prevent an enemy from climbing up the sides and getting on board.

June. Were none allowed to come to the ship to trade?

Mrs. B. Yes; a few at a time were admitted through a port-hole. One evening, while the ship lay at *Nass*, a chief of the Tum Garse tribe, named Le Koote, being in an unusually communicative humor, conversed freely with captain Taylor, who, at Mr. Green's request, inquired into his views of God and a future state.

Lucy. I should admire to hear what he said about the religious notions of his tribe.

Mrs. B. They believe in a kind of transmigration, and say that some at death go to the "*place above*," but that all are not well

treated, and when they find themselves kept short for food and drink, they come back again, and enter another body, &c. After listening to such absurdities a while, Mr. Green told him of the Bible, and explained to him as well as he was able, the nature of the Christian religion. When *Le Koote* was told that God forbade murder, quarrelling, and drunkenness, he replied quickly, "Why, then, is rum brought hither?"

Lucy. Who can wonder at the question, for I have often heard it said that *rum* and *whiskey* have done more to demoralize and destroy the Indians, than all other causes combined.

Mrs. B. While the Volunteer lay off one of the villages on Queen Charlotte's island, several Indians belonging to the Kum-she-wa tribe came on board; they had been great sufferers in the recent skirmish with the Shebash-a tribe. One had lost a wife, another a brother or sister; most of them were in deep mourning.

Helen. How were the mourners distinguished?

Mrs. B. By painting their faces black, and cutting off their hair close to the head. The *Masset* tribe live in the neighborhood of Queen Charlotte's island, upon North island,

which is separated from the former by a narrow strait only. One day, Mr. Green paid them a visit, and they showed him considerable attention, by walking with him, and pointing out whatever of curiosity their village contained. In his ramble, he observed a rude bust of a man, standing at the entrance of a poor looking hut, and asked one of the natives what it meant. One of them told him it was *Douglas*, a chief, who had recently died in a drunken frolic, and was entombed in the cabin; at the same moment, slipping aside a board, he discovered a box curiously carved and very gaily painted, which served the chief for a coffin. The usual custom of these people, is to elevate these gay coffins several feet from the ground, after the corpse is put into them, but the one that contained the body of Douglas, was not raised from the earth?

Helen. How can the Russian priests help teaching those poor heathen how to do like civilized and Christian people?

Jane. Perhaps they have not been there long enough.

Mrs. B. Yes, they have; some of them have lived on the coast many years, but they do not seem to feel much interest or compassion for the poor natives.

Lucy. Their case does seem almost hopeless.

Mrs. B. It would not be hopeless, if the *whites* had not introduced intemperance, and other vices, which debase and destroy both soul and body. Some of the Russians have married Indian women, and persuaded them to be baptized, but, said an old priest, "it does no good, they remain as before."

Lucy. It is most likely he gave them no religious instruction beforehand.

Mrs. B. Probably not of any kind, for he had six daughters, not one of whom could read.

Helen. The priest and people were much alike, I should think.

Mrs. B. Too much so, I fear; nothing more seems to be expected of him, than reading prayers, and attending weddings and funerals.

Assisted by the Fox islander, Mr. Green held an agreeable conversation with a company of chiefs at governor Chesticoff's, from the Sit-ka tribe. After telling them his own history, and stating the reasons that induced him to come so far to see them, he told them of the Sandwich islands, the former character of the inhabitants, of missionary efforts made among them, and of their present condition and prospects. He then introduced the

recent improvement, among the Indian tribes in the United States, since they had received the gospel, and endeavored to show them the importance of receiving it themselves. They seemed pleased, and in return, told him about their own customs, and habits, as well as their notions of religion.

Robert. Could not Mr. Green have preached to them through an interpreter?

Mrs. B. Yes, my son; he did preach the gospel to hundreds in that way; and he studied their language with so much success, that before leaving, he was able to tell them in their own tongue some of the wonderful works of God. He preached once on board the ship to the crew, which consisted of ten natives of the Sandwich islands, and fifteen Englishmen, when two hundred Indians were on board.

Robert. How did they behave?

Mrs. B. With far more decorum than was expected. They were particularly struck with the prayer, and could not easily comprehend how Mr. Green could talk to some one above. A friendly chief, named Kaw-e, who afforded Mr. Green much assistance in studying the language, listened with deep seriousness to the doctrines of the resurrection, and the final judgment. He then inquired the

meaning of language he heard the sailors use. When it was explained to him, he manifested much feeling. He proposed accompanying Mr. Green when he should return to the Sandwich islands, and take his little daughter with him, to stay till her education should be completed. This was encouraged by Mr. Green, who told the other Kig-a-nee chiefs, that if they followed his advice, they would go and settle on North island, which they readily agreed to do, upon condition he would go and live with them. This was just before Mr. Green sailed from Kig-a-nee.

Robert. Where is Kig-a-nee, mother?

Mrs. B. You cannot find it on your map, my dear, for it is but a small place in Cordoo sound; and even that is not put down on many maps. It has always been a place of resort to traders, whose baneful influence has increased the wretchedness of the inhabitants of the whole tribe. While there, Mr. Green said, "The exhibitions of heathenism which I daily witness, are painful, but they are not so heart-rending as the scenes which are here acted by men from Christian countries."

Helen. Where did Mr. Green go from Kig-a-nee?

Mrs. B. He set sail for Norfolk sound,

but he came very near losing his life a few hours afterwards.

Jane. How ! how ! mother ?

Mrs. B. I will tell you how. Early on the morning of May 12, captain Taylor gave orders for leaving the harbor. After they had weighed anchor and moved down to the entrance of the harbor, about half a mile, the Indians who had remained on board were ordered off. One of them resented it, and gave the captain a blow on the face, which was returned, probably with good interest ; the Indian seized a billet of wood, as if to repeat the blow. The officers and sailors ran to the *arm chest*—the Indians pushed forwards, and a scuffle commenced.

Mr. Green ran on deck to see what was the matter, when an Indian with a drawn knife flew at him, and had he not fled to the cabin, would doubtless have stabbed him to the heart. He had hardly reached the captain's state-room, before he heard the firing of muskets, and starting to go up, he met some of the crew bearing one of the officers who had been wounded. He was committed to Mr. Green's care, who staunched the blood as well as he was able, and tried to relieve the extreme pain of the poor sufferer. The moment the firing ceased, he ran to look upon

the deck, and see what had happened. "One poor Indian lay on the deck, a bloody corpse. Others were supposed to have fallen overboard, and others still were slightly wounded. A buck-shot had passed through the hat of the second officer, and several were lodged in the sides of the ship." Five of the Indians on board were retained as hostages by captain Taylor ; he assured those natives who came along side after the quarrel, that the hostages should be well treated and returned, if they offered no violence to other vessels that might chance to come on to the coast. He likewise wrote a note to the traders at Kig-a-nee stating the cause and consequences of the affray, which the natives promised to deliver to the first who should arrive.

Robert. Mother, what are *hostages*?

Mrs. B. Persons given in pledge or security for the performance of conditions. I wish you always to inquire the meaning of words you do not understand, or what is still better, go to your dictionary immediately, and find out for yourself.

Among the hostages was *Sankart*, the best man in his tribe, except *Kaw-e*. During the little voyage, Mr. Green labored incessantly to enlighten his dark mind ; he listened attentively, and I cannot but hope, that he under-

stood enough of the way of salvation, to find the Saviour himself, and to lead others of his tribe to the same *Ark of refuge*.

What did captain Taylor do with his wounded officer? said Helen.

He made the best of his way to Norfolk sound, anxious to afford him the best surgical aid in his power. The governor and other gentlemen showed much sympathy for the wounded officer, though they said, "If American gentlemen will sell powder and muskets to the Indians, they must take the consequence."

Jane. How did the matter end?

Mrs. B. When captain Taylor returned to Kig-a-nee, and found the Indians had done no injury to the ships, or traders, he sent three of the five hostages on shore. The *Shargars*, chiefs, and relatives of those who had been killed or wounded in the quarrel, came on board, and after much debating, peace was restored. The bereaved friends received a few presents, and appeared well satisfied.

Mrs. Barton had hardly finished the last sentence, before she was interrupted by the arrival of Hugh Clifford, a son of her eldest brother; a young man of ardent piety and great activity in the cause of religion.

He had spent most of his vacations in the

work of instruction, but finding his health required relaxation, he cheerfully accepted his aunt Barton's invitation to spend the spring vacation with her. His knowledge of geography and missionary subjects, qualified him for affording his aunt any assistance she needed in giving her children an account of missionary movements that were past, and those in immediate prospect ; and his own personal feelings rendered it altogether agreeable.

How does the country appear on the North West coast ? Are fish and wild fowl plenty ? Describe the natives. Where are the Fox islands ? Who was Le Koote ? Who Sankart, and Kaw-e ? Who was Douglas ? Describe the affray on board the Volunteer ?

CHAPTER III.

“Hear the heathen’s sad complaining,—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.”

COUSIN HUGH, do you know what an ignorant, vicious race of Indians live on the North West coast? said little Robert, as he was climbing on his knee, two or three evenings after his arrival.

Hugh. I have some knowledge of their condition, having had my attention particularly directed of late to that quarter of the world. Perhaps you know that political, as well as religious men have long wished to have a colony established on that coast, and the neighborhood of the Columbia river has been much talked of, for several years. The friends of the heathen have longed to see a mission settled on that part of the coast belonging to the United States, but the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Missions, did not feel that it was expedient to fit out an expensive one, until the field had been carefully ex-

plored ; therefore, the Rev. Mr. Green, missionary to the Sandwich islands, was instructed by them to visit the coast, and report to them the situation of the country, and the condition and prospects of the inhabitants.

Robert. Ma' has told us all about it from beginning to end.

Mrs. B. Not to the end, my son, by a great deal. In addition to what I have related of Mr. Green's voyage and inquiries, your cousin can add his voyage to Francisco and St. Carlos.

Hugh. Mr. Green's inquiries extended from Norfolk sound to California, but in the whole distance he did not find one spot where he dared to urge the Board to establish a mission immediately, though it is hoped it may and will be attempted before a great while.

Lucy. What peculiar obstacles are there to the introduction of Christianity ?

Hugh. The greatest of all is their deep rooted hatred of foreigners, whose avarice and sensuality have led them to adopt such a mode of treatment as could not fail of exciting the worst passions of the human heart. The small number of natives who speak the same language, is another difficulty, and the barrenness of the country would render a mission too expensive in any of the districts visited by

Mr. Green. But farther south I have been told there are multitudes of Indians, to whom the gospel might be preached, with bright prospects of success. They live some distance from the coast, where profligate white men have not yet carried intemperance, disease, and death. If missionaries could gain a footing in a heathen country, unacquainted with the vices of unprincipled foreigners, it would be comparatively easy to bring them under the governing influence of the Christian religion.

Lucy. What a pity it is that the zeal of worldly men should so far outrun that of Christians. I am sure it would not be thus, if faith was as operative as it should be.

Hugh. A little time since, the Indians in the neighborhood of the Straits of Juan de Fuca were ignorant of the use of fire-arms and ardent spirits, but quite recently it has become a favorite resort for fur traders.

It is very likely that the traders have learned them the fatal use of both, before this time, said Mrs. Barton.

Helen. What is the condition of the Indians in the neighborhood of the Columbia river, where you said the settlement of a colony was talked of.

Hugh. A gentleman from there told me

that "they had learned every vice, but not a single virtue of their white neighbors."

Robert. Where is the Columbia river?

Hugh. It empties into the Pacific ocean, between forty-five and six degrees north latitude.

If you please, cousin Clifford, let him find out himself on the map, interrupted Mrs. Barton, adding, these little folks had much rather depend upon their friends for knowledge than labor to acquire it for themselves; however, a little obtained by their own industry, will be retained much longer than a *gift* of much larger amount.

Robert. Here it is; but I thought I should never find it.

Where, where, said Jane.

Here, between cape Disappointment and point Adams, replied Robert; but the map does not tell me how the country looks, cousin Hugh; I wish you would.

Hugh. Some travellers say that the country about the river is barren, affording little vegetation and no game, and add an unfavorable climate, and great poverty among the natives; while others say, the Indians are very numerous, and the country fruitful. Mr. McKay says he has resided there seventeen

years, and became acquainted with thirty-four different tribes, most of them powerful savages, but not so fond of bloody wars as the tribes further north.

Lucy. A mission in that region would be surrounded by dangers.

Hugh. True, but dangers and difficulties of the most appalling kinds have not deterred the Russian Fur, the North West, and the Hudson Bay Companies, from occupying every important part, from Norfolk sound to the Columbia river. If the love of gain can make men fearlessly brave danger, should not the love of Christ, and compassion for the perishing Indians, inspire Christians with equal, if not superior courage? The Indians are intelligent, and perfectly understand the motives of traders in coming among them; and who can doubt whether they would not be equally quick-sighted to discern the motives of benevolent self-denying missionaries, if they should go and exhibit in their holy lives the spirit of their office.

Lucy. Do you think a mission will be sent there soon by the American Board of Foreign Missions?

Hugh. Probably not till the boundaries of the United States are more permanently

and satisfactorily settled. A colony and mission on that coast, would be of vast importance to the Sandwich islands mission, as it would supply them with fish, timber, and other necessary articles, and afford a cool and pleasant retreat for those missionaries whose constitutions were impaired from a long residence in a tropical climate.

Robert. I have found the Columbia river on my map; do you know whether captain Taylor entered it?

Hugh. Yes, he attempted it; but did not succeed. A heavy swell in the sea renders it extremely difficult to get into the river. A captain from Boston labored nine days to enter, and was obliged to give it up—captain Shaler eight, with no better success; he gave it as his opinion that Juan de Fuca was a far more eligible place for a colony than the Columbia river.

Mrs. B. I have heard a great deal said about planting a colony somewhere on the North West coast, and generally a mission has been proposed to be joined with it. Some have mentioned a place on the west side of the Rocky mountains, near the great Salt Lake, in latitude 42 degrees, but no place has hitherto offered, unconnected with very serious objections.

Lucy. I think Mr. Green must have had great trials during his tour.

Hugh. In speaking of his residence on the coast, he says, "so painful a post of observation is this, that, had it been possible, I should long since have deserted it. To face an enemy without hope of conquest, or even the ability of resistance, is exceedingly disheartening. May I be content, if I can do no more, to hang on the wings of evil, and to retard, as much as possible, her desolating progress. I expected trials on this agency. To be long absent from my beloved family and dear associates—to go where I should have no sympathizing friend—to be deprived of all religious enjoyments, save those which are found in secret communion with God—and to dwell closely allied with the enemies of the Saviour;—these I regarded at first as trials of no ordinary character. But they have been greater than I anticipated. To witness the wretchedness of the degraded heathen, without God, and without hope—to detect their dishonesty, and see them throw around their unlawful gains the cloak of deceit—to witness them degraded to the level of the brutes, and in these circumstances to be put in jeopardy by them, and to be almost

a passive spectator of all this guilt and misery, I need not say has been truly distressing."

Mrs. B. I presume those months were the most painful part of his missionary life. Cousin Hugh, where did he go after leaving Norfolk sound the last time?

Hugh. To the coast of California. Captain Taylor cast anchor in the bay of St. Francisco on the last day of September, 1829.

What is California? asked Robert; here it is on the map, but I do not know what to call it.

It is a peninsula, said Hugh; can you tell me what that is?

Robert. A tract of land every where surrounded by water, except at one narrow neck, by which it joins the neighboring continent.

And what is that *narrow neck* called? asked Hugh.

An *isthmus*, replied Robert. There is the isthmus of *Suez*, which connects Africa with Asia; and there is the *isthmus* of *Darien*, which joins North and South America.

Hugh. Very well Robert. Can you tell me how wide the isthmus of *Darien* is?

Robert. In one place it is only sixty miles over; when they make a rail road, or a canal across it, cousin Hugh, see how quick we

can get to the Sandwich islands without sailing down *here* round cape Horn.

Helen. Come Robert, do listen and hear about California. Cousin, is it a cold or hot country, pleasant or disagreeable?

Hugh. There is considerable diversity in the climate of New California, which extends from thirty-two to forty-two degrees of north latitude. Fruit ripens in some places as early as March or April, and *then* they raise two crops.

Lucy. How many inhabitants are there?

Between St. Diego and St. Francisco, the Indians have been estimated at fifty thousand, said Hugh, and from the latter place to the northern limits of California, fifty thousand more, besides five thousand *creoles*.

Who are they? asked Jane.

Hugh replied, the descendants of the Spaniards and Indians, making in the whole more than a hundred thousand.

Mrs. B. I know very little of the history of that part of the country.

Hugh. I do not know much of it, but I know it was discovered by *Cortez*, the great conqueror of Mexico, and that Sir Francis Drake, a celebrated English navigator, took possession of it in 1578, and had his right confirmed by the highest chief of the country.

About two hundred years ago, said Ann, surely they have since then had time to make great improvements.

Hugh. Yes, but Roman catholic missionaries are not the men to elevate the standard of morals or piety ; if they had been, the fruitful and beautiful provinces of California, would not be inhabited by such an ignorant, motley race, as most of the present occupants are. The state of education is so very low, that not one in five of the men, and scarcely one in ten of the women, know how to read. The lads have completed their education, when they have become good horsemen, and can throw a noose over the necks of wild cattle, upon a full gallop ; and the girls have finished theirs, when they have acquired the arts of dancing expertly, and dressing tastefully.

Lucy. If their religion is as defective as their education, it will be of little use to the heathen natives.

Hugh. The Romish is the only religion tolerated in California ; no foreigner is ever allowed to marry in the country, till he professes the catholic faith ; and there is not a single protestant missionary in the country.

Ann. How many catholic ones are there ?

Hugh. No less than *twenty-one*, in upper

California ; each of which claim about three hundred Indian converts.

Mrs. B. What constitutes *conversion*, in the view of the catholic priests ?

Hugh. The repetition of a few prayers in Spanish, and submission to the rite of baptism.

Lucy. How long have these missions been established ?

Hugh. More than fifty years. They are almost entirely secular (worldly), having accumulated large herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. The mission houses serve as *inns*, or resting places to hunters and travellers, there being no taverns in the country.

Mrs. B. How have the priests enriched themselves ?

By trade with foreigners, replied Hugh.

Lucy. What did they teach the poor natives ?

Hugh. To build houses, manufacture cloths and cultivate the earth.

Lucy. How do they compare with the more northern tribes ?

Hugh. They are less intelligent, their personal appearance is not as good, and they are more vicious and degraded, if it is possible for human beings to be so. Mr. Green was repeatedly told, by both catholics and protestants, that the *converted Indians*, as they

are called in California, are much worse than their wild neighbors. They often run away from the missions and tempt their uncivilized brethren to commit the most enormous crimes. Had the gospel been preached fifty years ago, and the natives learned to read, and been in possession of the Bible, what different scenes would now be presented to the eye of the mourning traveller, as he surveys those pleasant hills, and valleys, now inhabited by beastly drunkards, and the most filthy and debased of the human family.

Mrs. B. Are the priests, themselves, vicious?

Mr. Green does not describe them so, replied Hugh. He was introduced to the only one at St. Francisco, who showed him great hospitality; he had lived there twenty years, was very thin, and appeared feeble; but had much information, and discovered considerable wit and humor.

Mr. Green was likewise introduced to two of the priests at the mission of St. Carlos, named Ramond, and Saria, the latter was *president* of all the spiritual affairs of California. They were both advanced in life, supported good characters, and appeared intelligent and respectable. Father Ramond took much interest in showing his church, the holy water, paintings, images and crucifixes to Mr.

Green ; and assured him that none of those things were worshipped, but only what these represented. Mr. Green said, *You* may possibly employ them for that purpose, but I strongly suspect the ignorant pay them that homage which is due to God alone.

Jane. What did Father Ramond then say ?

Hugh. O, he shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and turned the conversation.

Mrs. B. Well, cousin Hugh, I think you have given us a dark picture of California,—but I bless God for his promise of a brighter day.

Hugh. The fulfilment of his promise that the “earth shall be filled with his glory,” is connected with the efforts of his people, I suppose. If the church makes no exertions for the redemption of the numerous tribes of Indians on the western side of America, do you expect the glory of God will shine there ? No, I do not, said his aunt, but I expect the church will awake and put forth her strength, and then she will gather into the fold of Christ all these poor forlorn outcasts.

Lucy. It will require large sums to furnish the means of education and salvation to all those tribes you have described,—and

where do you think the money can come from ?

Hugh. From professors of religion, children and youth in Sabbath schools ; and I should think that all the friends of civilization, religion and free institutions, would cheerfully give money for the object.

Mrs. B. New fields are opening every day, where preachers of the gospel and teachers of youth might enter, and labor with the brightest prospects of success, if the missionary funds were sufficient for their support.

Helen. If every body could hear as much about the heathen as we do, there would be no want of money ; for every new account I hear, sets me to devising new plans to get money, for missionary purposes.

Your conversations about the people at the Sandwich islands, brought them very near, and I so heartily pitied them, that I have done without a great many *little things*, and saved the money to buy them paper, slates and quills.

Lucy. I am sure, I feel ten fold more compassion for the distant heathen, than I did before I read attentively, the Missionary Herald, the books about the Indian Missions, and heard mother's and your conversations about the Sandwich islands, and the North West coast.

Hugh. If so, the object we had in view has been accomplished.

Mrs. B. Similar results would follow in most other families, if the same pains were taken to interest children in the subject of missions. I have seen enough to convince me thoroughly, that nothing is wanting but a knowledge of the wants and woes of the heathen world, to secure the co-operation of children, and all the friends of God, in enlightening, and reclaiming it.

Hugh. I find my cousins quite as happy now they deny themselves many of the luxuries they used to indulge in, as when I was here last.

And a great deal happier, said Ann and Jane, for *now* we have money to give at every monthly concert, and every Sabbath school concert.

Robert. We buy no candy, nor sugar-plums now-a-days ; but put all our candy money into the boxes at the concert meetings.

What will you tell us about next, cousin Hugh ? said Ann.

Hugh. What do you want to hear about ?

The heathen—the heathen, replied Robert.

Jane. Ma' has promised to tell us about the Washington islands, sometime.

Lucy. Do let us hear about the Washington islands.

Not this evening, said Hugh—if I read my poem for examination.

We will hear that now, said Mrs. Barton.

Before Hugh began to read, he asked the following questions :

What are the principal obstacles to missionary exertions on the North West coast ? Where does the Columbia river empty ? Where is California ? By whom discovered ? When ? What is the state of education there ? In what does that of the boys consist ? In what the girls ? How many catholic missions are there ? What do the priests teach the Indians ? What do protestants and catholics say of those natives who have been longest attached to the mission ?

H Y M N .

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul—be still and gaze ;
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace !
 Blessed jubilee !
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the dark benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption
Freely purchased, win the day !

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer—never cease !
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around !—*Williams.*

PROSPECTIVE MISSIONS.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

“ Who, but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach—but till thou favor
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit !
Witness to the Saviour’s name.”

HELEN, what do you already know about the Washington islands, said Hugh Clifford.

She replied, I know nothing more about them than their name.

Lucy. How far are they from the Marquesas islands that are laid down on the map ?

About a hundred miles north west from them, replied Hugh. They were discovered by captain Ingraham, of Boston, in 1791, just forty-one years ago. They were visited

the next year by captain Roberts of the same city, and by him named for the illustrious Washington, whose name they have borne ever since.

Robert. How many of them are there ?

Hugh. Three. Nu-ku-hi-va is twenty miles long, and nearly as wide, and it has several excellent harbors. The others are called Hu-a-hu-ka, and U-a-pau, the former lies about twenty miles west from Nu-ku-hi-va, and the latter thirty miles south, both of them are smaller than Nu-ku-hi-va. The inhabitants are exactly like those on the Marquesas, and most of their customs and superstitions are the same ; and excepting those on the sea coast, who have been corrupted by wicked men from Christian countries, are in their original state of heathenism.

Robert. Cousin Hugh, how did you find out so much about these islands and the people ?

Hugh. By commodore Porter, and the Rev. Mr. Stewart, chaplain of the man-of-war Vincennes, and two or three other gentlemen.

Robert. How happened the man-of-war to go there ?

Hugh. I presume you mean the Vincennes. I will tell you. Early in 1829, the

United States' ships Guerrier and St. Louis, were ordered to sail for the Pacific ocean to relieve the public squadron there; one of them, the Vincennes, was directed to visit the Sandwich islands, and return to America by the cape of Good Hope. Mr. Stewart had been a missionary to those islands, and on account of Mrs. Stewart's sickness was obliged to return to America, in 1825. After continuing in the service of the Board of Missions nearly two years, he accepted a chaplaincy in the navy, and was granted a transfer to the Vincennes, when the Guerrier, the ship in which he sailed from America, should reach the Pacific. This transfer was made at Callao, a port in Peru, on the fourth of July, 1829.

Robert. Why did the man-of-war visit the Sandwich islands?

Hugh. The government of the United States ordered captain Finch, the commander of the Vincennes, to visit the different islands in the Pacific ocean, "with a view to secure harmonious intercourse between them and those of our defenceless sea faring countrymen, whose pursuits are lawful, and whose necessities compel them to resort to a harbor for refreshment and supplies; to reclaim those who from thoughtlessness or improper

motives might have remained among them ; to exhibit our own moral advancement—to elevate our national character in their estimation—and by the contrast presented, to induce a praise-worthy imitation on their part.”

Captain Finch was an accomplished officer, and a gentleman of high morals, and he formed a resolution that his men should not injure a single native at any island at which he might touch, nor, if possible to prevent it, be injured. Therefore, a day or two before reaching any of the south sea islands, he called his crew together, and cautioned them against going on shore without the protection of arms, and the uniform of the ship. He also forbade any native men or women to come on board under any circumstances that the strictest propriety would not justify.

Lucy. Which of the south sea islands did they reach first ?

Hugh. Nu-ku-hi-va, one of the Washington islands, was the first at which they landed, but Hu-a-hu-ka was the first they passed.

Helen. What is the appearance of these islands as you approach them ?

Hugh. Lofty and precipitous, like most other high tropical islands. Hu-a-hu-ka, the first they approached, wore a verdant appearance, from the grass which grew upon the hills

and valleys most luxuriantly, but no woodland was to be seen except upon the summits of the highest hills, until the ship passed round to the western side, where all the hills were covered with wood or low bushes. This island had been half encircled, before a human being was to be seen ; then in passing a high bluff, some of the people in the ship discovered that its top was covered with natives, all in a state of nature. The moment they saw the ship, "the shore rang with wild shouts, as they waved streamers of white cloth high on their spears, and tossed their mantles above their heads in the air." As the ship passed the bluff, it was quite amusing to see the naked creatures "scampering along the heights, shouting and whistling," and making all sorts of wild gestures. The captain slackened the sailing of the ship to allow them an opportunity to come nearer, but they did not seem to have courage enough ; but as she moved slowly along a rocky promontory, they were seen just ahead, and on the top of the highest part the figures of a numerous company were seen, seemingly standing against the sky ; these came hurrying down the rocky sides of the hill, hallooing and beckoning the strangers in the most wild and clamorous manner. In the midst of the tumult, captain

Finch ordered the band of music on deck—the moment its full and sweet strains were heard by those children of nature, their shoutings ceased, and all suddenly crouched to the earth in perfect silence, and in that posture they remained, apparently lost in wonder and admiration, so long as the distance and twilight allowed them to be distinguished.

Early the next morning the island of Nu-ku-hi-va lay full before them, its highest peaks rose between two and three thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The eastern part looked like a mass of barren rocks; but as soon as they passed a point which was called "Tower Bluff," a deep bay and beautiful valley opened to their delighted view; the mountains to their highest tops, are covered with groves of cocoa nut, and bread fruit trees. A mile from Tower Bluff, the vessel ran in with the shore, and fell in with a little fleet of fishing canoes, from the *Ha-pa* tribe; the surprise and delight of the fishermen, were expressed by a wild chattering, and noisy kind of laugh. Anxious to get a nearer view of these savage people, the captain suffered his men to help them in climbing up the sides of the ship; and though she was under a quick sail, four or five of the most nimble got fairly on deck, full of merri-

ment and good humor. Naked as they were when they reached the deck, in a few minutes the whole were transformed into sturdy sailors, in frocks, trowsers, and tarpaulins, and each flew to the rigging, pulling and hauling in true sailor fashion.

Captain Finch had scarcely let go the anchor, before multitudes of both sexes came swimming to the ship; the women with a kind of petticoat of native cloth, tied up in leaves, which they held up on a short stick over their heads while in the water, and after getting safe on board, they dressed themselves. As many as one hundred and fifty or two hundred of the common people got on board, when all was noise and confusion. To this numerous company were shortly added the king, a little boy of eight years old, called Mo-a-na, his guardian, and the regent, named Ha-a-pe, whose little son, Te-na-e, of the age of the king, was very pretty; both these handsome little fellows, found a friend in every officer on ship board. Pi-a-ro-ro, a chief of rank from the Ha-pa tribe, came in the same canoe. He was a tall and finely proportioned man, with good features, and teeth of the most beautiful form and whiteness. Though naked, his body was so entirely covered with *tattooed figures*, that he was black

as an African, and at a little distance it had the appearance of clothing. If you are at a loss to know what *tattoo marks* are, I will tell you that most of the south sea islanders, and indeed many other uncivilized people, have a custom of pricking a variety of patterns on the skin, with an instrument dipped in some blue or black coloring matter, which remains indelible after the wound is healed. This chief's whole body was covered with it. His hair was tied in two bunches on the top of his head, with a fillet of ta-pa, native cloth, which resembles white paper.

Lucy. Was Ha-a-pe, the regent, as fine a figure as Pi-a-ro-ro?

Hugh. No ; his personal appearance was not as good, but he was a mild, amiable looking man, in middle life, rather below the common stature. His hair, which was beginning to be grey, was cut close, except a small bunch, gathered on the top of his head, in a band of white cloth. His ear-rings were large, made of the tooth of a whale. These chiefs welcomed captain Finch with much cordiality.

Robert. Are not the Washington and Sandwich islands nearly alike?

Hugh. Yes, from the descriptions of each, there must be a great similarity ; both have

almost innumerable ravines, lawns, cascades, mountains, craggy rocks, ridges, valleys, palm trees, thatched huts, &c.

Jane. Robert, how can you interrupt cousin so often? I want to hear how long the natives staid on board the ship.

Hugh. About two hours. The captain treated them with bread, raisins, and other nice things; and afterwards entertained them with several tunes from the band of music, which almost entranced the poor creatures, who left the ship rather unwillingly. However, after captain Finch made them understand that they were never to approach his ship until they saw a white flag displayed, that they might come at any time when that was flying, they quietly departed.

The next morning while captain Finch and Mr. Stewart the chaplain were on shore, they were met by the two chiefs, and an Englishman named Morrison, who had resided there several years, to collect sandal wood; he very cheerfully served as interpreter between the chiefs and the officers of the Vincennes.

Lucy. Did not the officers return the visit of the natives?

Hugh. Yes, they paid a visit to the regent soon after their first introduction. The splendid appearance of naval uniform, the glitter-

ing arms, and the parade of boats in procession, quite surprised and embarrassed the chiefs, who felt themselves entirely unprepared to give a feast, according to the native custom of expressing hospitality and friendship; in a manner suited to the taste of their guests; however, perceiving that nothing of the kind was expected, they seemed quite at ease, and evidently enjoyed the honor which the captain really intended to put upon them.

Mr. Stewart said, the house had a "*pretty cottage-like appearance.*" These people use the same materials in building that they do at the Sandwich islands, but the fashion of their houses is altogether unlike. The roofs, instead of sloping from the ridgepole in front, and on the backside, descend on the latter almost perpendicularly, from the peak to the platform, upon which the hut is built, this is usually elevated from the ground from one to four feet, and uniformly extends two or three feet beyond the building on all sides. The dimensions of the houses, vary from twenty to one hundred feet in length, and from ten to fourteen in width. The usual height is from eight to sixteen feet. They are all of one form, from the *palaces* of the kings to the meanest huts of the fishermen. The leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, which are from twelve to six-

teen feet long, with those of the bread fruit and palm tree, are used for thatching, all over the islands, instead of grass, such as is used at the Sandwich islands. The leaves whiten in the sun, and at a distance their appearance is not very unlike the white wooden houses in New England.

Many of the better sort of native houses are not thatched in front, but left entirely open, or else finished in a kind of lattice-work, by interweaving colored vines, or bamboos, among the pillars which support the roof. The appearance is like the common summer houses you have seen in gardens in the country. *Ha-a-pe's* house was built in this way, with a slide door in the middle where the party entered; his wife, a fine looking woman, sat with a babe on her lap, of which she seemed very fond. She wore a loose garment made of tapa, and a turban of the same material.

Ellen. Did the house contain much furniture?

Hugh. No; calabashes, wooden bowls, and a few other small things, comprised the whole of the furniture, excepting a *lounge*, made very roughly of logs, grass, and mats, which served the whole family for a bed.

Robert. What are calabashes?

Hugh. They are vessels made from gourd, cocoa-nut, and other shells.

Robert. But how can any thing but bottles and ladles be made of gourd shells ?

Hugh. I will tell you ; in that warm country, gourds grow with surprising rapidity, and very large ; the natives form them into bowls and dishes while growing, by tieing strong bandages around them, and thus shaping them for any use they choose. They ornament them by cutting seams through the skin, before they ripen, in such forms as their fancies dictate ; when well finished some of them are very handsome. Besides the calabashes, bowls, trays, &c., in Ha-a-pe's house, a few muskets were seen sticking in the thatch, with numerous spears, war-clubs, and other native weapons of war.

Lucy. How did the visit end ?

Hugh. Very pleasantly ; though the gentlemen were rather uncomfortable from the heat, and odour of the cocoa-nut oil, with which the natives anoint themselves ; they were followed into the regent's house by such multitudes, that in a short time the air was so impure, and the flies so troublesome, that captain Finch gladly retired, after assuring the chief of the kind motives, which actuated his government in directing this visit, as well

as his own kind wishes. The chiefs received the captain's presents of knives, spoons, calico, and other useful articles, with strong expressions of pleasure.

After leaving the house, the party continued their ramble some time before they returned to the ship.

Robert. Are there any idol's temples at Nu-ku-hi-va?

Hugh. There are.

Jane. What do they offer in sacrifice to the idols?

Hugh. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, hogs, dogs, and human beings.

Human beings! exclaimed Robert.

Hugh. I will tell you more about it another time. How well can you remember what you have heard already?

Where are the Washington islands? Who discovered them? When? Who named them? In honor of whom? How many are there of them? What are their names? How large is Nu-ku-hi-va? Describe the appearance and manners of the natives. Who is king? How old is he?

CHAPTER II.

“Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!”

HUGH CLIFFORD improved the earliest opportunity to gratify the curiosity of his cousins, respecting the superstitions and amusements of the natives of the Washington islands.

Jane. Do they often sacrifice human beings?

Hugh. I presume so. Some of them are eaten as well as offered to the idols—there is a temple in the valley of *Tai-o-a*, and another at *Hak-a-pa-a*, at which human victims have been seen lying before the stupid gods, a mass of putrefaction. At the latter place, the officers of captain Finch saw the remains of a man lying in a wooden trough before one of the idols, and close beside it was a *house for the dead*.

Helen. Do they not bury their dead !

Hugh. No. I will some time tell you about their funerals. In the house near the temple at Hak-a-pa-a, lay a corpse stretched upon a bier of spears, in almost as offensive state as the sacrifice before the idol ; it is supposed that the ghost of this person called for the human victim which had been discovered. Near the bier was a rude altar, and at each end of it stood an idol surrounded by offerings—two dogs were suspended before it, one by his neck from a pole, and the other from a post in a basket ; both putrified and swarming with flies. Pieces of fish and pork were hanging in other places, and a large quantity of cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, &c. were strewed upon the floor, for the use of these dumb idols.

Mrs. B. In viewing such a scene, who could doubt for a moment, the divine origin of the Christian religion ? If an infidel would with candor contrast heathen with Christian worship, it does not seem to me possible that he could remain unbelieving.

Hugh. It does not appear to me likely that they would ; but I never knew an infidel at all disposed to inquire into the superstitions and idolatrous worship of the heathen, with a view to compare it with that required in the

religion of the Bible. I cannot read or hear of such abominations being practised without longing desires to go and apply the only remedy.

What is that remedy? whispered Robert.

Mrs. B. The preaching of the cross of Christ. I hope before this time, some of those missionaries who sailed for the Sandwich islands from New Bedford, Mass., in Dec. 1830, have arrived there, and commenced preaching and teaching these poor idolaters the *way of life*. It would be a joyful sight, to see a church rising upon the ruins of the temple at *Hak-a-pa-a*, or that in the valley of *Tai-o-a*.

Hugh. I trust the time approaches, when not only places for Christian worship, but school-houses, and asylums for the poor, sick, and aged, will adorn those beautiful hills and valleys. Humanity, as well as religion, calls for effort in behalf of uncivilized and pagan nations; and I have often wondered that every friend to human happiness did not unite to overthrow the polluted altars of the heathen.

Mrs. B. The time will come, and I sometimes think it will come speedily—when there will be a *thousand times* more union and effort than at present.

Come, let us hear about their funerals, *now*, said Helen.

Hugh. When a person is supposed to be sick unto death, the house is soon filled with wailing women, who express their grief in the most doleful tones, while the *Tau-as* exert all their skill and sorcery to restore the patient.

Jane. Who are the *Tau-as*?

Hugh. A kind of prophet and sorcerer, (the same as conjuror.) But as death approaches, the wailers and sorcerers dance naked round the bed of the dying, making the most piercing cries, as they cut their flesh with sharp stones till the sufferer expires, "when all unite in a most terrific howl."

Robert. Where do they put the corpse?

Hugh. They dress it in new clothes, and lay it in a small house, close by the one he occupied when living, upon a bier made of spears, like the one described near the temple of *Hak-a-pa-a*. Watchers are employed for several nights to sit by it, and attend to the burning torches, while the priests sing mournful songs. "From the time of the death, till the priests complete the songs chanted on such occasions, all fast—no one touches the provisions, and no fire is allowed to be kindled within sight." But the approaching feast makes ample amends. The guests having assembled, the food is brought forward smoking from the ovens, and the half starved

mourners, and invited company fall too with eagerness, after the meat is carved with a sharp stone, or a wooden knife. The feast often continues two or three days. A gentleman who visited a house, immediately after the dispersion of the company on a funeral occasion, said it was in a most disgusting state "from the fragments of half-cooked meat scattered in blood and grease and suspended among the sticks of the fence on the top of the platform. Two immense wooden troughs nearly as large as canoes, half filled with *poe*, (taro pudding,) stood on one side of the door; while a whole hog, of some hundreds' weight, still uncarved, lay opposite, on a bed of green leaves; the whole swarming with flies like bees around their hives." The house had little white flags, raised on short poles, set upon the ridge-pole, and close beside it there was a structure, in which a corpse was soon to be laid, on a bier surrounded with curious *shrines* made of the leaves of cocoa-nuts, which had been formed by the priests to contain the food of the deceased.

Jane. What are *shrines*, mother?

Mrs. B. A case in which some sacred article is deposited. Where was the body, designed for the bier you have described, Hugh?

Hugh. In an adjoining hut. Almost all the *Tu-pu-pau's*, or houses of the dead, have numerous *shrines*, and in some of them a kind of incense is burned on hot stones.

Lucy. In what does their religious services consist at the temples?

Hugh. Chiefly in music. Mr. Crook describes one of their sacred songs, as a kind of prayer which is chanted by the officiating priest to the beating of a great drum, five or six feet high. Another song is repeated between *singing and saying*, by the priest, who often uses great violence of gesture, and at the end his voice sounds much like the barking of a dog—the congregation returns a “suitable response, in general chorus, resembling a low growl.”

All their history and geography is embodied in their sacred songs, as well as the biography of the most famous chiefs and warriors.

Helen. Have they no other religious rites or ceremonies?

Hugh. O yes; more than I have patience to recount. Sometimes the priest lifts up a *bundle*, and lays it down again with great care, while the people stand and respond or return answers to the senseless jargon of the priest as he elevates it.

Robert. What is the bundle?

Hugh. A log of wood which they call the "*clothed god*," being wrapped in a piece of native cloth, with four *conch shells* fastened to it.

Jane. What, such *conch shells* as uncle Harvey blows, to call his men to dinner?

Hugh. Yes; exactly such ones. Sometimes the priest raises up the dish with a human skull on it covered with flowers, and lays it down with the same unmeaning words, as before when he elevated the *clothed god*. "A cocoa-nut leaf, also, woven so as to represent a human victim, and fastened to a long pole, is borne along on the shoulders of two men; a principal priest then speaks aloud, as if asking a question, and all the rest answer in a shout." Other things are raised, and the name of a god invoked loudly in token of their dependence on it for help or success.

Mrs. B. Have they nothing like secret devotion?

Hugh. I presume their private offerings of dogs, fowls, fish, fruit and flowers before their idols constitutes their devotion, because when they lay them before the god they pray to it, and when they go to their daily meals, they carelessly throw a mouthful against the side of the house, with a word of exclamation to some god, which means, "*There is*

some for you." The priests are distinguished from other men by their dress.

Robert. Do they wear black coats?

Hugh. No; coats are not worn there, nor any other articles of clothing, except mantles, (a kind of cloaks or blankets,) and girdles; but in addition to these, the priests wear *caps* and *capes* made of the leaves of the coconut tree. They are not very numerous, so that they are almost constantly occupied in ceremonies of one kind or other; especially before a battle, and afterwards, over the prisoners, before they are sacrificed. Their assistants are called *Uus*; upon these the laborious parts of preparation for human sacrifices devolve.

Lucy. Is their government a monarchy?

Hugh. It is so blended with their religion that I do not know what it ought to be called. I believe it is, properly speaking, a government of superstition. The *tabu system* prevails, and the inhabitants of all the islands are divided into two classes, the *tabu*, and *common*. The gods, prophets, or sorcerers, the priests, and their assistants, form the most honorable part of the *tabu* class, but all other men and boys, who are not public singers, and dancers, or servants to females, belong to the *tabu* order. These, with all females, comprise the *common*

class. The latter class are never allowed to cross the threshold of a tabu man's house, and many articles of food are forbidden to be used by the common order.

Then the men have to build houses for their wives and daughters, said Lucy.

Hugh. Yes ; but these are not tabued ; and the men of that order are allowed to enter them at pleasure. " Anything passing over the head of a person, or even the hand of a tabu man, must never itself be passed over, sat, or lain upon. To suffer this, would be a profanation of it in their view, which would bring the displeasure of the gods upon the individual through whom it became restricted by its being passed over his head. Consequently when this infringement takes place, whether by accident or design, the individual causing the profanation, by applying the article to any common use, becomes an object of revenge to the other ; and his life is sought as the only atonement for his carelessness or presumption. Till his death is secured, the person through whom the article became *tabu*, is supposed liable to the power of some fatal disorder, or the infliction of other dreadful calamities. If a woman passes over or lies on any thing which has been consecrated by the touch of a tabu man, the article thus profaned can

never be used as before, and the woman must be put to death." The poor deluded creatures attribute all their calamities, whether personal or national, to the violation or neglect of the tabu system, whereas most of them are the consequences of their vices, and superstitions.

Lucy. I have been told that the same *system* prevails over nearly all the south sea islands.

Hugh. You recollect it once did universally over the Sandwich islands, but Ri-ho-ri-ho abolished it about the time the American missionaries settled there ; and I presume it will soon be overthrown at the Washington islands, if a mission should be established there.

Ann. Is there any prospect of it ?

Hugh. Yes ; I suppose one of the missionaries who sailed from America in December, 1830, has gone there before this time ; if so, when the missionaries who sailed from New Bedford, in November, 1831, arrive, it is likely some of them will go too.

I will now tell you about a visit made by the chiefs Pi-a-ro-ro and Ha-a-pe, with many women of rank, to captain Finch, on board the man-of-war Vincennes. The chiefs came in one of their most splendid canoes, though perfectly rude in comparison of those made at the

Sandwich islands, for common purposes of fishing, &c. It was about twenty feet long, with a low prow, which "terminated in a flat head carved into a hideous face."

Upon a slight platform of sticks, carpeted with a mat, sat a chief of distinction, from the tribe of *Tai-o-a*, named *Taua-hania*, cross legged like a Turk, shaded by a few fresh gathered leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. His dress was a white tapa cloak, and turban made of a dried bannana leaf. Ha-a-pe sat in the middle of the canoe, in a similar attitude, with only a white girdle round his waist, and a bannana leaf turban; while Pi-a-ro-ro was seated upon a high platform in the stern, under a canopy of palm leaves, with a long paddle to guide the canoe, which was rowed by six or eight stout natives. His long, jet black hair was frizzled out on both sides of his head to the greatest extent possible, till it hung over each shoulder, and down his back. It was removed from his ears, so as to display large ivory ornaments, most beautifully carved and highly polished. Elevated several feet above the water lay one of their wooden gods, adorned with many tufts of human hair, which had been preserved as trophies of war, in the way the Indians do the scalps of their enemies.

Jane. How are the women dressed?

Hugh. All wore white tapa mantles, with turbans made from an article of their own manufacture, which was white, and as thin and fine as gauze. Many of the females are very pretty, their complexions not darker than a deep *brunette*. Captain Finch made them handsome presents of useful articles, gave them refreshments of a variety of nice articles, and added a lively serenade from the whole band of music, till it was time for the party to return home. They left the ship, evidently impressed with a deep sense of the power of captain Finch, and the American government, which he represented.

The captain had been on shore in the morning, and brought off to the ship the king and his little companion, and when the chiefs and *ladies* returned, he took Mo-a-na and his friend Te-na-a in the beautiful boat which the sailors called "*the captain's gig*," and conveyed them to the shore.

Robert. I wish I was a prince, don't you wish you was, cousin Hugh?

Not a heathen prince, replied Hugh, quickly.

I should rather be a *heathen*, than not a prince, repeated the little boy, with emphasis, casting a side glance at his mother.

Poor boy! said Mrs. Barton, if you had

any just apprehension of the nature and consequences of heathenism, you would bless God for a Christian birth-place, though it had been in the most obscure corner of the earth. I had rather you would be a *Christian slave*, than a heathen prince. I fear you seldom think how short this life is at longest, and of how very little value the riches and honors of earth are, in comparison of a treasure in heaven. In a sick and dying hour, a princely coronet, would have no charms for you, and all the gods of the heathen could not comfort or save you. In that solemn hour, the Lord Jesus is the only friend that can do a dying sinner good.

Robert looked confused, for he knew he had been talking in a wicked and foolish manner.

It was near bedtime, and the family soon separated for the night.

What is said of human sacrifices ? Describe the scene at the temple of Hak-a-pa-a. How are funerals conducted ? How are the priests distinguished from other men ? Describe their ceremonies at idol worship. Relate what you can remember of the tabu system. Describe the visit of the chiefs and women to captain Finch.

CHAPTER III.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord—at thy command.

AFTER little Robert went to bed, the thoughts of human sacrifices kept him awake some time; and when he fell asleep, he dreamed about the dead body that was discovered in a trough, before the idol god at Hak-a-pa-a, and he awoke in a great fright. His wicked wish to be a prince, and his choice to be a heathen, rather than not to be one, added much to his uneasiness; and he said his prayers over and over again, and even prayed out of his heart, that God would forgive his sins. He lay, thinking over all he had ever heard about the ignorance and sufferings of little children in heathen countries, till he felt more pity for them than he had ever done

before. O, if I had been born a heathen, said he to himself, my parents might have murdered me, and laid me in the trough before some ugly, grinning idol; and then he repeated these verses—

“I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil’d,
And made me in these Christian days
A free and happy child.

“I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known;
And taught to pray a useless prayer,
To gods of wood and stone.”

He then said, I will utter no more idle, wicked wishes, but will work between schools to get money to send the Bible and ministers, to teach the poor heathen how to please God, better than to sacrifice men to their wooden gods, and murder their little babes. These resolutions occupied his mind, and in a degree quieted it, so that he again fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the ringing of the first bell. Little Robert did not do as some boys do, start up, and then lay down and sleep again, till their father or mother come to rouse them up in a resolute and angry tone of voice; but he rose instantly, washed, and dressed him-

self, brushed his hair smooth, and after reading a chapter in his Bible, he knelt down by his bed and prayed.

‘O thou, who art the living and true God, wilt thou forgive my sins, and give me a new heart. I thank thee for taking care of me the last night. I bless thee for a kind mother, sisters, and friends; bless them all, and make their hearts good, that they may love God, and obey Jesus Christ. Bless cousin Hugh, and kind Phillis, and help them to love and serve God. Pity the poor heathen, and put it into the hearts of all the children in the Sabbath school, to love and pity them; and save their money, to send missionaries to tell them how to get to heaven. Bless my teacher, and all the boys in my class, and all in the school. Help me to learn and be good, to-day. Save me from thinking wicked thoughts, and doing wicked actions, for Christ’s sake, Amen.’

The breakfast bell rang just as he rose from his knees, and he went down, looking serious, and very pale.

Hugh. Good morning, cousin Robert.

Mrs. B. Why are you so pale, my dear; are you ill?

Robert. No, mother; but I have had bad dreams about the man who was killed, and

put into the trough, for the gods, at the Washington islands.

Mrs. B. And yet you could wish to be a prince ; and, if a heathen prince, you would often witness more shocking spectacles than that.

Jane. Mother, while you were telling us about the little princess *Harieti*, at the Sandwich islands, I thought I would have given the world to be a princess, and have such beautiful dresses, and be noticed by every body as she was ; and I suppose little Robert felt so, when he wished he had been born a prince.

I wanted to be a prince, that I might sail in *the captain's gig*, said Robert, making an effort to suppress his tears.

Mrs. B. We ought to study contentment, in the condition Providence has assigned us. God has infinite power, and could as easily have made Robert a prince at Nu-ku-hi-va, and Jane a princess at the Sandwich islands, as the son and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Barton, at H——r.

Hugh. If my telling you about the customs of the heathen incline you to forget, or under-value the mercy of living in a refined Christian society, I had better talk of something else.

Helen. It does not make *me* forget, or slight those mercies.

Nor *me* either, said Ann, in a very self-complacent tone.

Hugh. I was about to describe a *dancing exhibition*; aunt, I hope my cousins will not *wish* to turn dancers, (looking at Jane and Robert, significantly.)

Mrs. B. No, I have no fear of that; I trust my children feel too much *self-respect* to hanker after such a senseless amusement. I should like to have them hear about it. What are those exhibitions called?

Hugh. Koi-kas. There was to be one in the district occupied by the Ha-pa's tribe, while the Vincennes lay in the Bay of Tai-o-hae; and eight of the officers, with their attendants, and *Morrison* for a guide, started about ten in the morning to witness the exhibition, which was about five miles distant, in the country, in a deep grove, on the border of a rapid stream that came tumbling from the mountains. The appearance of the foreign visitors induced a large party of natives to leave the *Ta-hu-a*, dancing ground, to go and welcome them, which they did by such loud shouting, as made the woodlands ring.

Hundreds of warriors, chiefs, ladies, and dancers, were assembled.

Helen. Why did those officers wish to go to a dance?

Hugh. Some of them went to gain more knowledge of the country, and the real state of the inhabitants. Others wished to hear the native music ; while the chaplain went "to see pure heathenism, as it is before one ray of Christian light has beamed upon its darkness."

The place of exhibition was a kind of building, mostly of mason-work, but without a roof. However, there were seats for persons of rank, for the musicians, &c., and a stage for the performers, who, upon this occasion, were only three ; one a young chief about twenty, and two little boys of eight or ten years of age.

The music consisted of sixteen drums, and the voices of a hundred and fifty singers, who clapped their hands with violence, as they kept time with the drums, which were small, not more than two and a half feet high. The young chief was very handsome, and had a fine figure ; but his dress, if such it could be called, was very disgusting. It consisted of a large roll of white cloth about his waist, an immense quantity of white human hair, frizzled to an enormous size, on his head ; and round his wrists and ancles, large bunches of frizzled black hair.

One of the little boys wore a feathered helmet on his head, large wooden ornaments in his ears, whitened with pipe-clay, which entirely covered them over.

Helen. How could he keep them on ?

Hugh. By having slits cut in his ears, and thrusting long pegs or splinters through them, which were fastened on the backside of the ornaments.

Frizzled hair was round his wrists and ankles, like that worn by the young chief ; a necklace of several strings of whale teeth, a white tapa girdle, and short white cloth cloak completed his dress.

The other little fellow wore a roll of white cloth bound round his forehead, with a wreath of black feathers above it, and above that, puffs of white tapa, shaped like a fan, were raised to a great height. His girdle was white with garlands of a beautiful vine, and gay flowers plaited into the folds. The party were weary of the scene in about twenty minutes, and thankfully retreated from it.

Mrs. B. I should like to know what Mr. Stewart said, for he has had very unusual opportunities of witnessing the habits, customs, and manners of the heathen.

Hugh. He said, " there was less of licentiousness in the dance than he expected ; but

in a hundred things else, there were such open outrages on all decency, that I hurried away in a horror of disgust, with a heart too much humbled for the race to which I belong, and too much depressed at the depravity and guilt of man, to think or feel on any other subject."

Mrs. B. Are the Nu-ku-hi-vans generally as handsome as the natives of the Sandwich islands?

Hugh. Yes, they are handsomer—some of them are very beautiful, with complexions fair enough to admit redness in the cheek and lip. Very few are corpulent, like their neighbor chiefs at the Sandwich islands. The women are small, with hands and arms as well formed as any European ladies. Mr. Stewart said that some of those at the exhibition, had eyes extremely brilliant, softened by long glossy eye-lashes that are seldom surpassed, and teeth of unrivalled whiteness.

The Ha-pa's ladies are more beautiful than many of those belonging to the other tribes; but I am told they improve their complexions by using beautifying washes.

Helen. O, do tell us what they are made of, cousin Hugh.

Hugh. It will afford you no help, if I tell you, because the vines they extract the liquor

from do not grow in this country. A large proportion of them mix the juice of tumeric or the powder of the burnt root, with oil, and paint their faces, necks, arms, and hands, a bright yellow or deep orange color. Many ladies at the dance, were dripping in their *oil paints*, as yellow as saffron.

Lucy. How were the most respectable of them dressed on that occasion ?

Hugh. With the exception of head dresses, the same kinds of girdles and mantles as the wife of Ha-a-pe and her companions wore when they visited captain Finch. Some wore turbans raised high by puffs and bows, while others had a plain white band round the head, with a modest bow on one side or in front, and after tying their long hair close to the head, let it fall down their backs from the opening of the band on the top of the head. It was very obvious that all who attended the exhibition were dressed in their best, and that most of the beauty and fashion of the tribe were displayed. The professional singers are the poets and composers of the songs sung at the *Koi-ka* ; the subjects are almost as various as the songs. The passion for these exhibitions is so universal, that people are willing to suffer almost any privation and fatigue, for the sake of attending them, though they sel-

dom break up without the fiercest contentions, during which many lose their lives. Some of the *Ta-hu-as*, or dancing grounds, are said to be spacious enough to hold ten thousand people.

Lucy. I suppose they have a god over the dance.

Hugh. Yes; they have a god over all the occupations and amusements of life; and even men are found among them, who claim the title and attributes of deity; but there are not more than two or three on an island, and they live in the greatest seclusion. Mr. Crook was acquainted with one of these *men gods*, at the Marquesas islands, who lived in a great house, surrounded by a strong enclosure. "In the house is an altar, and from the beams within, and upon the trees around it, are human carcasses, suspended with their heads downward, and scalped. No one enters the premises but his servant, except when human sacrifices are to be offered. Of these, more are offered to him than to any of their gods; and he frequently seats himself on an elevated scaffold, in front of his house, and calls for two or three at a time."

Mrs. B. Surely, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Hugh. In addition to these *human divini-*

ties, there are at the Washington islands numerous *ideal beings* which are worshipped as gods ; and supposed to have power over the elements. Besides those having dominions that can be defined, there are an almost innumerable company that preside over mountains, streams, vallies, and almost every thing you can name. “It is supposed that departed spirits of men become gods ; and thus they are multiplied, till ‘almost every sound in nature, from the roaring of the tempest in the mountains, and the bursting of a thunderbolt in the clouds, to the sighing of a breeze through the cocoa-nut tops, and the chirping of an insect in the grass, or in the thatch of their huts—is interpreted into the movements of a god.’” There is another class, who are supposed to have power to compel a god to dwell within them at pleasure, and they often “pretend to be conversing with a god within them ; and, making a rustling in the leaves with their fingers, say they have been miraculously taken through the thatch of the house, and brought back by the door.” They are called *Tau-as*, and are obeyed, when victims are demanded for the god dwelling within them.

There are females who pretend to perform the same actions ascribed to the *Tau-as*, and they are greatly revered, though not as

much so as the males. All internal disorders are supposed to be inflicted by a god within, and is called, "*sickness from a god*," and none but a *Tau-a* can perform a cure, which is usually done by rubbing the sick, to find out where the evil god has hid himself. When found, they say they have smothered him. Nothing can exceed the extravagance and credulity of the natives, when they undertake to account for the origin of themselves and their islands.

Lucy. How do they account for them?

Hugh. They say, "that, originally, men and fishes were locked up in the depths of the earth, which burst with a great explosion, leaving the men upon the land, and casting the fish into the sea."

Mrs. B. The natives of the Washington islands must be a most interesting people, notwithstanding their idolatry, and they seem prepared to receive teachers, if they were ready to go, and I cannot think that much danger need be apprehended by missionaries.

Hugh. They promised Mr. Stewart that they would no longer indulge in cannibalism.

Robert. What is that?

Mrs. B. There are people among some savage nations who eat each other, and those who do, are called *cannibals*, (men eaters.)

Hugh. To see them hovering about their American friends, gazing at, and admiring them, it hardly seemed possible they could be such blood thirsty savages. I was very much amused with a little account Mr. Stewart gave me of a visit on shore. Said he, "My robes and scarf were the subjects of the highest attraction. They appeared to take the fancy of the crowd, even more than the glitter and lace of my companions ; and when my hands were first discovered in a pair of black kid gloves, stitched with white, I could not rid myself of the throngs gathering round with wonder and delight. They appeared to think them a species of *tattoo*, inseparable from the hand ; and as they gazed at, and felt my fingers through them, "*Mo-ta-ki !*"—" *Mo-ta-ki !*" "*good !*"—" *good !*" in terms of the highest satisfaction, burst from a hundred lips."

One Sabbath a large party went on board the man-of-war to hear Mr. Stewart preach. They seemed pleased with the form of Christian worship, and the next day Mr. Stewart met some of the highest chiefs and held a long religious conversation with them. He explained the leading principles of the Christian religion, the nature of missions, and the character and object of missionaries. When he

told them of the love of the American people to them, and the desire of many to send them teachers, and inquired if they would like to receive them, all spoke together, "Ae! Ae!" "Mo-ta-ki!" "Mo-ta-ki!" "*good,—good.*"

Ha-a-pe, the regent, said, "It is with the king Mo-a-ner." To which the little fellow replied, "So let it be; it is good, very good." A high chief said, "When they come, some of them must come and live with me at *Tai-o-hae*—I will give them land, and build a large house for them." The chief then observed that they had a great many gods, he could not tell how many; that he would be a god himself at death. Mr. Stewart gave him to understand that they were not good for anything, and tried to turn the chief's attention to the Lord Jesus Christ, and Jehovah. At length the chief exclaimed, "Mo-ta-ki! mo-ta-ki! Je-ho-va te At-u-a no ma-tu-a." "Good! good! Jehovah (is or shall be) our God."

Lucy. O, how I long to hear from those of our missionaries who will be the pioneers of the first mission to those islands. I shall read the Missionary Herald with great interest, and lay a great many plans to raise funds for the support of a large number of missionaries to those islands.

Helen. And I will help you execute them.

Ann. And so will I.

Mrs. B. We will all help.

Hugh. If all the Sabbath schools in the United States should follow the example set by the one in the West parish of Andover, in forming a "*Sabbath School Missionary Society*," the world might soon be filled with the knowledge and glory of God.

Lucy. Our superintendent read the account of it from the Sabbath School Treasury, and expressed his determination to follow in the steps of the gentleman at the head of that school; and all the teachers promised to sustain him in carrying the plan into execution.

Hugh. Superintendents who are favored with the confidence and affection of their teachers and scholars, can carry into effect any plan, and accomplish almost as much good, as the most benevolent heart can desire.

Mrs. B. We can all do a vastly greater amount of good than we ever have done, if we "rouse up all our drowsy powers." The former indifference of my own children to missionary movements, was entirely my own fault; for since I have felt more myself, and

conversed with them upon missionary topics, and read, or heard them read, the Missionary Herald, and Baptist Magazine, they are full of zeal for the heathen, and cheerfully deny themselves, and redeem time from sleep and play, to promote the cause in one way or other. And in addition, I can truly say, that I have enjoyed more in religion, since I commenced this course to draw forth their benevolent affections, than since your uncle Barton's death.

Hugh. I believe, aunt, if every Christian mother should adopt the same course, she would have reason to say the same. Jane, you and Robert may come and answer questions.

What is said of the dancing exhibitions? How many performers were there? How were they dressed? What is said of the idol gods? What of the men who pretend to be sick? Who are cannibals? Do the natives of the Washington islands wish to receive missionaries? What else can you remember?

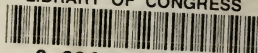
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